

ease of service. The car contained two large bedrooms and a bathroom with shower; the dining-room was of a size to seat eight or ten without crowding; and the large observation-lounge and platform at rear were inviting places to sit and read or enjoy the scenery. Two stewards, Kirk and Carter, were always on duty, and they knew their business perfectly.

Whether Mr. Eaton approved wholeheartedly of the private car I can't remember now; he might very well have considered it a needless extravagance on the part of his son. Yet Jack and I, and the others of the Eaton family, realized that the cost was in all ways justified, and that this was a modest enough reward to a fine man who had spent his life in hard work without thought of personal pleasures. I never used the *Eaton* after my husband's death, although Mrs. Eaton found it useful from time to time. Following her death the car was sold to Sir Edward Beatty, President of the C.P.R.

Those first few years of married life were filled with new experiences for me, and one of the most important, of course, was my constantly expanding acquaintance with the Eaton organization. Within a week or so after our honeymoon Jack had taken me on a tour of all departments, services and warehouses. He insisted on showing me that there were indeed ten delivery waggons—and more—despite my home town's skepticism; I saw the stables, and the horses who knew every street and corner on their routes; the Accounting Offices, the Mail Order Department from which the best dress fabrics of my girlhood used to come; and all the counters and sections that served the Toronto public.

Jack was already a Vice-President of the Company at the time of our marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Eaton had had four sons and two daughters. One of the sons had drowned at an early age; the accident had happened in a small garden pool, and Mrs. Eaton could never after-

ward overcome her horror of such places. The eldest son, Edward Y. Eaton, developed in early manhood the disease of diabetes which then could have but one fatal end; he was to die in his thirties, leaving his wife and two young children. The Timothy Eatons' second son, W. Fletcher Eaton, had moved to Oshawa to manage an Eaton factory there, and later went to Hamilton to head a much larger operation for the Company. The two daughters, Josephine (Mrs. T. M. M. Burnside) and Margaret (Mrs. C. E. Burden), were already married at the time I entered the family circle.

My husband, John Craig Eaton, was the youngest child. He had been born in Toronto, in the grey brick house at 4 Orde Street, which now forms the west portion of the Royal Conservatory of Music's residence for women students. The Eaton family lived at that address for a good many years, and during that period were active members of the old Elm Street Methodist Church congregation, a few blocks away.

Jack had been introduced to Store policies and methods at an early age. Often during his school years he had begged his father to let him come down on Saturdays to help in the Parcel Department. The boiler-rooms of the Store fascinated him as a teen-ager, and occasionally the Chief Engineer would invite him to put on a pair of overalls and help wipe down the engines. Later Mr. Eaton saw to it that his son got regular employee experience, and a regular employee pay envelope, in such departments as the Wages Office, the Notions and Dress Goods, and as a floor walker. He learned by doing. More than once his father told me that Jack's executive ability had been quickly proved during those departmental stages in his career.

It was Eaton business that took me on my first trip to the Canadian West. For some time Jack had been eager to open a branch store in Winnipeg. He had discussed the scheme with his father many times, and finally Mr. Eaton

said to him, "Go, spy out the land and bring me back a report, but be sure you take Florrie McCrea with you." This was the name he always used for me, from the day I met him till the day he died, and with his North-of-Ireland tongue it had a very nice sound.

So Jack and I left by train for Winnipeg, and for me this first trip around the north shore of Lake Superior, through the Ontario forests, and then into the prairies of Manitoba, of which I had heard so much, was an exciting adventure. Most of the daylight hours we spent on the rear platform or in the observation car—and I am reminded of an interesting social occasion that had its inauguration in the lounge car the morning of our arrival. A distinguished elderly gentleman had gone through to the open platform; the door had shut with a bang, dropping the lock into place, and when he tried to return he found himself a prisoner on the outside. My husband went to the rescue. When our fellow-traveller was safely inside, he said, "To whom am I indebted for my release?" Jack gave his name, and the stranger said, "And I am Daniel MacMillan of Winnipeg." That afternoon a message came to our hotel, asking us to tea at Government House, for, as we surmised, it was the Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, Sir Daniel MacMillan, who had been locked out. He was a most agreeable acquaintance, and typical of the sturdy character of our pioneer westerners. In chatting while the train slowed for the station he described his introduction to Winnipeg many years before, when he and his bride sat in a box-car with boxes for seats, and during a heavy rain that came straight through the roof he had held an umbrella over Mrs. MacMillan's head to keep her dry.

Jack's cousin, R. Y. Eaton, met us in Winnipeg, and on that very first day I learned about Winnipeg mud. It was of a gluey consistency, dirty yellow in colour, and the carriage wheels would sink into holes six or eight inches deep. The splashes of it that settled on our boots and clothes were most difficult to remove, and always left a

permanent stain. It could only be washed off waggon wheels at the expense of the paintwork—as was discovered later on when the new Store set up its delivery system.

Jack and I spent a good part of our days driving about to look at possible sites, and I still have a clear picture in my memory of the muddy streets, board sidewalks, little houses of new lumber, and the generally sprawled, busy, disorganized look of a city in its birth throes. We stayed at the Mariaggio Hotel, now long since disappeared. It was a curious place, situated on a side street. Only the sitting-room of our suite had windows, and toward the middle of the room there was a great arch hung with chenille curtains; beyond them was the bedroom and off it a bathroom. The water was so limey and hard that one of our Winnipeg friends remarked it would be easy to commit murder with it: "Just pick up a handful and throw it at your enemy; if it hits him he'll drop dead instantly." The hotel service was, at best, sketchy. One day in the dining-room I noticed raspberries listed on the menu card and immediately ordered them. We finished our main course, and then waited, five minutes, ten minutes, and possibly a half-hour. Finally Jack spoke up, chuckling, "They had to send out to buy your berries," and, sure enough, at that moment I saw our waiter hurry along the street carrying a box of raspberries.

That, you must remember, was more than fifty years ago. The fine modern city of Winnipeg now has an excellent water supply, and what I consider one of the best hotels anywhere for service of every kind, the Fort Garry.

Jack's investigations on the spot bore out his convictions that Eaton's should have a store there. This represented a major step, as up to that time Eaton's service to Canadians living outside the Toronto area had been handled entirely through the Mail Order Department. Some of the Directors, older than my husband, were afraid of this expansion; they did not consider "Mr. J. C.", as he was known in business hours, mature enough in his judgment. Never-

theless Mr. Timothy Eaton approved Jack's plan, and the property at the corner of Portage Avenue and Hargrave was purchased and work of excavation begun.

The building was to cover one block and rise six stories. But a new difficulty developed. Some months after our return to Toronto, Mr. E. R. Wood, the well-known financier and a close friend of my father-in-law, came back from a western business survey undertaken for the trust company with which he was associated, and immediately called on Mr. Eaton. This was Mr. Wood's verdict concerning Winnipeg Eaton's as reported to me the next day by my husband. "There's a hole in the ground there so big that it will never be needed during your lifetime or mine." Mr. Eaton was much troubled. Although no word of reproach to my husband was uttered, he did say, "John, do you think five floors will do?" Jack acceded to the suggestion, while still confident in his original scheme. How right he was in his estimate was proved before two years had passed, for, already short of space, the Winnipeg store had to add another floor. Today of course it is a huge structure of nine stories and basement, with auxiliary buildings for warehouses, and so on.

The year 1904-5 was one of feverish activity for Jack, with trips back and forth to Winnipeg, and mounting excitement in the air as he waited impatiently, like a small boy, to show his "baby" to his father. Finally the opening day was set for July 6th, 1905. As Winnipeg hotel accommodation was still very limited, the family visitors from Toronto were put up in a large, comfortably furnished residence called Stribel House, on Donald Street, a property which had been bought at the same time as the store site. We all travelled together in a private car and a sleeper which Mr. Timothy Eaton had chartered (his own private car was not delivered until some months later). Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Burden, my husband and myself, and our

little Timothy. Mr. Eaton's physician, Dr. E. E. King, and a masseur accompanied him.

We spent a full week in Winnipeg, and for all of us there was a great deal to do and see, and many interesting people to meet. We toured the store, watched its final preparation for the public opening, and chatted with the men chosen to manage it. All had been selected with Jack's approval, and some had been sought out by him personally. A. A. Gilroy, Store Manager, and Sam Wilson, H. M. Tucker, Mr. Forrester, Frank Carpenter—they were among his first selections. He chose John Scott, chauffeur and mechanic, to manage the new garage. Miss Foote, our Head Cashier in Toronto, went out to organize the Cash Department in Winnipeg.

At 11 a.m. on July 6th the store was to be opened. A few minutes before, Mr. Timothy Eaton, holding his grandson Timothy on his knee, was wheeled in his rolling chair into an elevator on the Donald Street side. The rest of the family were already grouped near the elevators. Attendants had been assigned to all the store entrances, and everything was in readiness when my young Timothy, aged two, guided by his grandfather, pressed the button. A bell sounded and all the street doors opened simultaneously. Thousands of people rushed in from the streets, but for a one-hour inspection trip only. At one o'clock a luncheon was served to representatives of Church, State, the railway, banks, and other businesses. The Mayor of Winnipeg tendered his welcome to Eaton's, and there were many speeches of congratulations, and from far-away points telegraphed messages of good wishes. The atmosphere was charged with a feeling of jubilation, and for all of us, especially my husband, the occasion was a triumph.

At two o'clock the store reopened, this time to do its regular business. Each member of the family took up a position on the main floor. I served in the Ribbon Circle, Mrs. E. Y. Eaton sat behind a cash register, and Mrs. Burden sold in the Ladies' Handkerchiefs. Mrs. Timothy Eaton

CHAPTER VI

FOR SEVERAL WINTERS I had been troubled by a throat condition, and after trying many things the doctor suggested that probably my vocal chords needed exercise of a certain kind—in short, singing. So I went about listening to our Toronto vocalists and inquiring as to teachers and their methods. Finally I decided to go to Arthur Blight, a teacher of growing stature and a young man who sang very well himself, with great smoothness of production over a wide voice range. For a while I took lessons daily, and after a few weeks there was a noticeable improvement in my throat. By then, of course, the delight of studying and trying to develop my voice had taken hold, and I couldn't dream of giving up my weekly lesson with him and regular practice at home. It was with no thought of platform performance that I did this, but simply for my own enjoyment, and as an interesting extension of one of my girlhood hobbies in Omemee.

One day Mr. Blight asked me to take part in his monthly studio soirée. Said he, "I know of no better way to find out whether you are absorbing the training I am endeavoring to give you. You may be perfectly at ease singing for me or in your own home, but when you sing for a group, no matter whether you know them well or not, something is bound to happen. There's a feeling of tenseness, breathing becomes hard to control, the eye and the mind are affected by the slightest detail, and all this will be reflected in the voice. Also you will be criticized by the other students, who are always quite frank with each other."

However he smiled reassuringly and added, "The first time is the worst."

It went over not badly, and after that initial ordeal I sang quite frequently for friends or for small gatherings where they needed some voluntary help. My teacher's statement, "the first time is the worst", was not exactly borne out in my experience, for no matter how often I took part in a program I always had the same terrible sinking feeling beforehand, as though my stomach had fallen out. I would fume to myself, "Why did I ever promise to sing! I'll never do it again." Then when it was over and I knew everything had gone off reasonably well, I would recover some confidence and even hope there might be a next time.

One afternoon in January, 1907, I was just starting my lesson when my husband telephoned. "Darling, father wants you to come over to his office and pour tea for him." "But," I said, "I've only begun." "You'll never be sorry if you come now," Jack replied. As he had been encouraging me in my new studies, I knew something important was on his mind, else he would not have disturbed us, so, making my excuses to Mr. Blight, I left at once.

Mr. Eaton greeted me warmly. "Thank you for coming, Florrie McCrea. I need you," he said. He looked pale and I sensed he was not feeling well, but we went through the pleasant routine of afternoon tea in his office quite according to custom. He had often asked me to drop in and serve it for him; sometimes there would be a visitor or two, or one of the Managers.

That afternoon, as soon as tea was over, Jack saw his father off in his limousine and then we followed him home and remained with him till Mrs. Eaton came in. During the night he developed a high fever and a chest cold.

As so often happens in a busy family with many interests, the anxiety over Mr. Eaton's condition was complicated with a decision concerning an important engagement out of town. The Margaret Eaton School of

Literature and Expression—founded, built and endowed by Mrs. Timothy Eaton, and very dear to her heart—had entered a group in a drama competition which was to open in Ottawa the next evening. All members of the family who were free to go had planned to leave in the morning. As Mr. Eaton appeared to be no worse and they were assured that everything possible was being done for him and that it would certainly be a let-down for the school if Mrs. Eaton and the others were not present, they agreed to continue with the plan. Jack was one of the party to escort his mother, and probably I would have gone along too but for a cryptic little conversation with Mr. Rogerson of the Millinery Department who had called to inquire at the Eaton residence the night before. I repeated the assurance we had had from the doctor, but speaking of the Ottawa trip I remarked, "I don't want to go. I'd like to be here if I can be of any use." Quite simply he said, "Don't go."

There was no change in Mr. Eaton's condition until the second day following, when his lungs began to fill. Mrs. Eaton and Jack had kept in close touch with me, and, informed of the sudden turn, they caught the first train back, but Grandfather slipped quietly away the evening before their return.

I may be wrong, but I felt at the time that he was very tired of the unequal strain between his physical limitations and his mental and spiritual powers which were in full vigour. The quickness of his mind to grasp a situation and see a solution was phenomenal. His memory was unimpaired. He never hesitated for a word or a fact. But he was indeed discouraged and thoroughly wearied by the effort required to move about and do what he wanted and needed to do. Those last hours of watching by his bedside reminded me constantly of the Scripture, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word." It was as peaceful as that.

For me had ended a period of my life when I knew I could appeal at any moment with any problem to an un-

failing source of comfort and help. No longer would he gently chide me for something that he considered ill-advised. I have spent the rest of my life being grateful that it was given to me to sit at a great man's feet and learn. When trouble was to come to me later, I realized that it was Timothy Eaton who had taught me to weigh matters and make a decision, no matter how difficult it might be. His wonderful companionship, his sense of humour and enjoyment of people and places and all good things have been an extra strength to me all through these later years. That I was free to spend many hours with him was my good fortune, and the knowledge that he was fond of me is still an inspiration, half a century after his passing.

Mr. Eaton's death was a great shock to all, but especially to my husband. The load of responsibilities that shifted now to Jack's shoulders was great indeed, and while he had a group of very able men to share it with him, nevertheless all final decisions were his alone. In his early thirties he was left a commercial empire. That he ruled it well is history. His father's death was a deep personal loss, for these two had been close, and increasingly during Mr. Eaton's last years the President, when presented with a problem by one of the Store executives, would say "Ask John." My husband mourned his father, and for the rest of his life never once departed from the principles by which the first President had risen and ruled. Even in small matters Jack followed in his father's footsteps. Timothy Eaton was a non-smoker and non-drinker; my husband smoked and enjoyed a drink, but it would have been unthinkable for him to have indulged in either habit on Company territory, even in the privacy of his own office. The rule for all store employees became automatically his, and this scrupulousness of conduct is maintained today by my son, John David Eaton, and his Directors. Eaton's long-standing rule against smoking on the premises got unexpected support two or three years ago when a new Toronto city ordinance banned smoking in retail stores.

Such a policy is more than ever necessary today when so many synthetic fabrics and other materials are highly inflammable.

For Jack and myself life moved on with a quickening pace. The Winnipeg store had proved itself thoroughly justified, and now other needs arose: expansion in Toronto and a new Mail Order depot to serve the western provinces. A large warehouse was started at Regina, and while this was under way my husband went out frequently to watch the progress. On one such visit he accidentally walked on to the wet cement floor, and though he stepped back quickly he left a perfect imprint of his feet. John Webster, moved from the Winnipeg staff to head the Regina development, had a high regard for the President, and, being Irish, thought this incident was a happy augury. He ordered a frame put around the footprints until they were dry—and when I was in Regina in the nineteen-fifties I was taken to see this memento of the long-ago past.

It was in the spring of 1907 that the great passenger ship, the Cunarder *Lusitania* was much talked of. She was being rushed to completion on the Clyde, and her size and luxurious appointments were something more than a nine days' wonder the world over. All new ventures interested my husband, so when his colleagues began to urge him to make the first trip from New York, I knew he was tempted to consider an ocean voyage, the first occasion this happened in our years together. Our enthusiasm grew, and so did the plan.

We were at *Kawandag*, our Muskoka summer home, and our guests of the moment were Mr. and Mrs. William Dobie, our closest friends. We talked to them about a trip to Europe aboard the *Lusitania*, and Mr. Dobie, though a busy man as President of Gillette's, agreed that if he could make satisfactory arrangements at his office and factory he would like nothing better than that we four should travel abroad together.



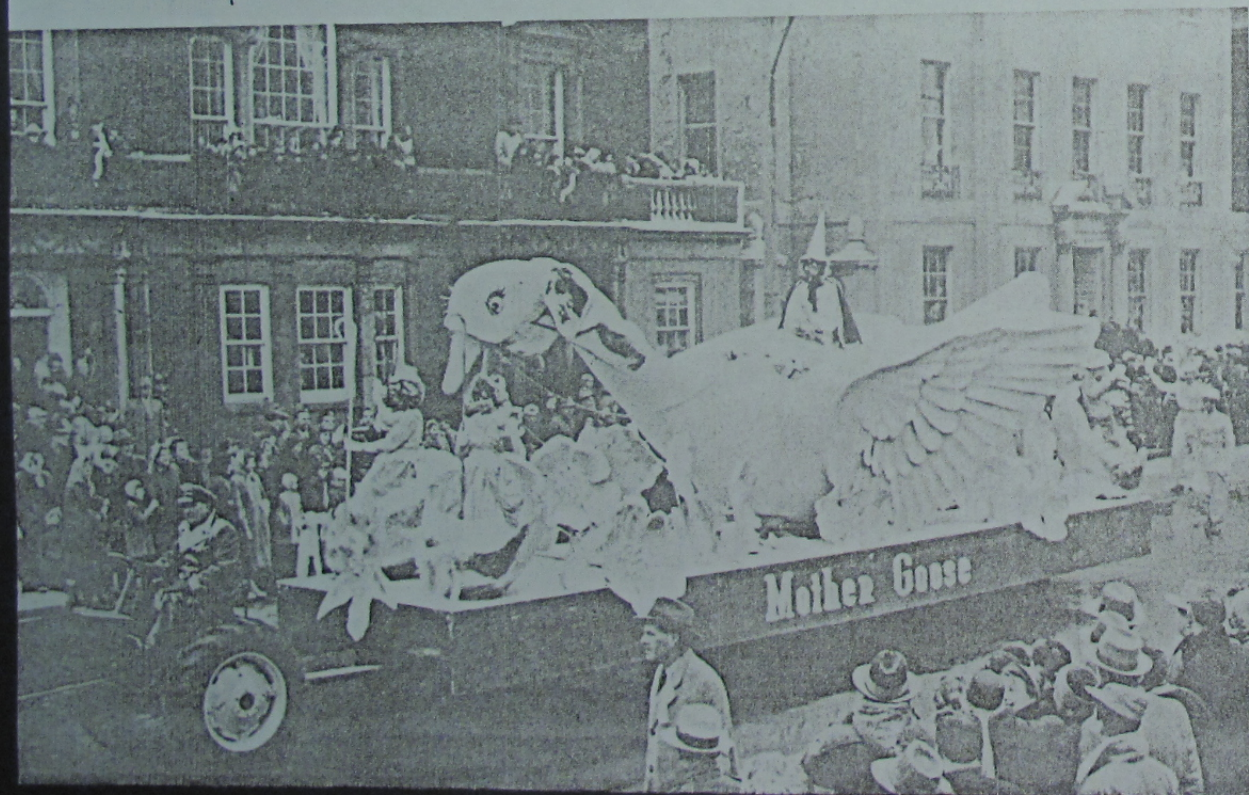
With their growing family at the beginning of the year 1910. Timothy was then seven, John David a few months old.



From the Archives of Eaton's of Canada

Excavating with hand shovels, horses and waggons for the construction of the Winnipeg store, September, 1904.

Eaton's Santa Claus parade is a gala annual event for Toronto children.



That arrangement was good for at least a day. Then, out fishing with our neighbour, Harry Barker, my husband proposed that he and his wife should join us, and over that week-end the party increased to six. Fortunately not all the friends he asked could pick up and leave, because even the *Lusitania* would not have contained them. He always wanted all his friends to share pleasures with him; such was his nature.

At that time young Timothy had developed a minor ailment, but there was never any question of leaving him behind, for he had always travelled with us. However, our physician advised against taking the child this time. When Jack and I showed our unwillingness to accept this idea, the doctor proposed an operation which, if done at once, would give Timothy time to make a complete recovery and so be fit to travel by the date of sailing which was six weeks away. We agreed, but to our dismay, even when the little patient's recovery seemed well established, the doctor again urged us to leave Timothy at home. We were seriously disturbed by this pronouncement, for our four-year-old was very precious to us and still our total family. My husband put forward the idea of taking the doctor with us, but I could see no reason for that, and I knew I could take care of Timothy perfectly well; besides he had a devoted Irish nurse who would accompany us. However, the medico had so upset my lord and master that he insisted on having the doctor join the party, and also invited the doctor's wife—an Omemee girl of whom I was very fond. The preliminary arrangement was that the doctor would see Timothy safely settled in England and return, but that was not what happened, and for the duration of the trip our party had a doctor in attendance whom none of us needed. I had some acid thoughts in this connection, but outwardly I tried to accept the situation with as good grace as possible.

So our party had grown to eight, not counting Timothy and his nurse, and had become almost an immovable body, with my husband supplying the irresistible force. He realized

that something must be done to organize the venture properly, so he asked J. J. Vaughan, then secretary to him and the Board of Directors (later to be a Company Vice-President), to come along too, taking charge of transportation, luggage and currency. That was when I really got to know Mr. Vaughan and appreciate his wonderful qualities of heart and mind. He was always cheery, always ready for any emergency. His stewardship was so fine that we arrived back in Toronto with every piece of baggage, every account carefully checked and satisfactory to all, and for him the grateful devotion of every member of the party.

This voyage, on the first trip of the *Lusitania* from New York to Liverpool, was a gala undertaking. The Royal Suite had been engaged for us—as a gift from the Company—and when I entered the sitting-room I thought there must be some mistake. Smilax hung in festoons from the ceiling and in every possible place, proclaiming the ultimate in décor in those days, and besides there were bowls of orchids and great vases of roses. The accommodation was fabulous: the sitting-room opened into a sunroom at one end, and from the other side a door led to a private dining-room. Our family group had three double bedrooms, each with bath. All the rooms were beautifully finished and furnished. It was like a luxurious home within a floating city. Ships in those days, long before the competition of air travel, offered such accommodation as a lure to the careless spenders of the period; today I know of no ships, except the *Caronia*, a luxury world-cruiser, which apportion so much space to private suites.

During the crossing the women of the party talked eagerly about where they intended to go and especially how we would use our time in Paris. Mrs. Dobie always said the same thing: "I've always wanted a Paris hat and when I get there I'm going to have the biggest and best that money can buy." This amused Jack so much that instead of calling her Annie, which was her name, he

christened her Hattie. Before we disembarked all of us were calling her Hattie, and Hattie she remained ever afterwards.

When we reached Liverpool, the head of our London buying office was there to meet us and with him a friend of my husband's, Eddie Hodgson. Eddie had worked as a pharmacist in the T. Eaton Co., and studied overtime to be able to qualify for medical training. He had found he could expedite his plan by moving to England, and when he heard we were travelling on the *Lusitania* he had made a special effort to come to Liverpool to greet us. I had never met him before, but today, so many years later, Dr. Hodgson and his wife are numbered among my dear old friends.

Liverpool was my first taste of English life, and dinner that evening introduced me to whitebait, now one of my favourite articles of diet. We remained in the city for several days, enjoying the sights, and one night attending the theatre where George Alexander and Phyllis Neilson Terry were playing. It was a magnificent production of a Restoration drama, superbly costumed and beautifully acted. I remember sitting there in a dream-like state all evening, but a certain event within the next hour brought me to a rude awakening.

On the way back to the hotel I was riding in one limousine, and my husband was with others of the party in the second. In my car the doctor was sitting in the seat beside the driver. As we went through the lower part of the town, a drunken man came out of an alley, and, enraged to have an automobile cross his path, raised his heavy stick and made a swipe with it, catching the doctor on the back of the head. We stopped at once, and very shortly a policeman appeared and took the man into custody, also asking for our names and address. The doctor had a slight concussion which caused a dazed condition, but next day he was feeling quite normal—until he and I both had a jump in temperature when we received notices that we were to appear in court on the following Monday morning. A fine introduction to England!

nurse and one maid—came to fifty-two pieces. Poor man! By the time we reached London and he had seen to the sorting and distribution of every piece of luggage, he had an acute attack of hiccoughs and it was necessary for us to summon medical aid. The treatment was drastic, but in two days all was well.

Mrs. Eaton visited all her old haunts and old friends and we went to a number of theatres together. Her capacity for enjoyment was demonstrated to the full. She loved having her son with her, and whenever the two of them were together they always found cause for laughter and merry exploits. To her he was perpetually the prankish small boy, and I know he took special pleasure in living up to her expectations. Often he would tease her into the "high kick", by holding out his hat and raising it a few inches at a time. She seldom missed. When one of us would applaud, she would say, "Don't forget I took a fencing lesson regularly each week for years!" Once, some years later in Muskoka, she accepted, on the spur of the moment, Jack's suggestion that she try out the new horse he had just bought for me. Without ado she mounted and took a few turns up and down the drive. She was then almost eighty years old.

It was some time after the trip with Mrs. Eaton that my husband's hobbies expanded to lake sailing. He bought a sailing vessel of the kind used on the Maritimes coast; not a yacht but a thoroughly comfortable vessel, both in calm and in storm. The *Tekla* measured ninety-four feet over all, was broad of beam, and carried an immense amount of sail when the wind was just right. The ship was equipped with an auxiliary engine which we needed at times to make port. On board the *Tekla* I found myself in a new and completely happy element. It was music to hear the sails fill and listen to the rhythmic squeaks and flaps as the gusts of wind tightened or slackened the canvas. We used to sail on fine afternoons, nearly always having dinner on board. On week-ends we would make for Kingston,

or Charlotte on the American side. We could sleep four or five and we had a crew of ten.

One week-end in September, during my husband's absence from town on business, I persuaded Arthur, my brother, to join me on a trip to Kingston. When we left Toronto harbour the weather was perfect and the wind just right. I spent the afternoon lazily in a deck chair with a rug wrapped around me. I decided to go to bed early and so when the wind changed I was sound asleep—but not for long. When I sat up it seemed as if the *Tekla* was engaging in a steeplechase with a rock-and-roll thrown in as a modern touch. Once or twice my brother or the Captain looked in to see if I was all right. Suddenly there was a great, quivering motion, and at that minute the outer side of my berth became just a loose piece of wood gripped in my hand. I let it drop and reached for the head of the bed, and till the storm abated just before dawn I clung to that bedhead with both hands.

The same huge shudder of the *Tekla* had shot Arthur from his berth on to the floor. I heard him shout from the companionway, "Flora, are you all right?" I was and I told him to go back to his berth and hold on.

When at last we went on deck in the morning, what a sight! Everywhere chaos: tin cans, soggy hats and socks, grapefruit and orange peels, a broken kitchen chair, the crew's clay pipes. The seas had washed over the deck all night long. The Captain had had the mainsail taken in to just enough to keep steering power. He and the whole crew had been violently seasick, were wet to the skin and thoroughly battered. It was some time before anyone could get a hot drink, let alone a meal, for the galley was in terrible shape, and, though the actual storm had passed, Lake Ontario was in one of her sullen moods, giving us a very nasty roll from the east.

Nevertheless I still loved the *Tekla*, and I had a glorious day aboard on September 26th. Eight days later, on October 4th, 1909, my second son, John David, was born. Before

we again made a long trip—this time to Quebec City. As before, Mr. and Mrs. Dobie were our guests, and we now had our three sons with us, as well as two trained nurses. I always protested against taking the children, because I felt a small vessel was too confining for them, but Jack would never agree to leaving them at home.

However, as we steamed down the lake and into the St. Lawrence there was nothing ominous in the heavens or on the water to warn me of the anxiety ahead. When we were anchored in Quebec basin, it was a beautiful evening and all the adults were about to leave for a dinner engagement in the city. One of the nurses appeared and asked me to go down to see the baby; she thought he wasn't well. As I entered the stateroom I saw that the child was in a fit of tremor and my heart sank. Convulsions! Neither of the nurses had ever seen a case of convulsions, and I had only seen one many years before, when my sister's baby had an attack. I remembered that I had seen the baby put into a warm bath and when the seizure ceased he was taken out and wrapped in a warm blanket; this was repeated as often as necessary. So I carried little Edgar up to my stateroom, sat on the floor in front of a small tub of warm water and began the treatment immediately. It was not quite seven o'clock. Meantime my husband went off in the tender to bring a doctor; but before he and Dr. Le Mesurier Carter appeared, three hours had gone by. The attacks had continued at short intervals throughout the evening. I was just lifting the baby out of the tub when the doctor came in. Very quietly he turned to the steward and said, "Bring me crushed ice quickly, please." While it was coming he questioned me as to the onset and timing of the tremors. I inquired fearfully if I had done right with the warm bath treatment. "Yes," he said, "but ice will cool the blood in his brain."

No child could have been bonnier than Edgar was that day, but at midnight his whole right side was paralyzed and his right eye closed.

The doctor sent me to rest, saying, "I'll stay with the baby and I'll call you if I need you." In the morning he told me that the child had remained awake till 3 a.m., then struggled to get his right hand to his mouth; when he couldn't move it properly he angrily put his left thumb in his mouth, and mercifully went to sleep.

Dr. Carter made arrangements for the care of his patients and office, and came home with us on the *Florence*. He told me that when he saw the child in my lap that first evening the baby was cyanosed and death was the next likely development. But Edgar recovered, though he bore marks of that attack for years. His eye required constant and quite painful treatment; when he began to walk he dragged his right foot, and these two conditions continued for several years. The illness had also been a dreadful shock to his nervous system. But by degrees his sunny disposition returned, and since growing up he has always looked the picture of health and today has a smile and a cheery word for everybody.

I never was on the yacht again after I left it with my sick baby. We lived on board for a week in Toronto harbour until the doctors decided it was safe to move the little patient. After Dr. Carter returned to Quebec, we had daily visits from Dr. E. G. Hodgson and Dr. John McCallum, the eye specialist. At the end of September Dr. Hodgson announced that he felt there was no more need for his visits, and that time alone would be the final healing process. In that, of course, he was completely right.

The *Florence* finished her career in the Caribbean Sea. When war broke out my husband turned the yacht over to the Government, and at Ottawa's request we had to strip it of all panelling and special furnishings, including the china, crystal and linen. After a year or more of service in the southern waters the *Florence* went down off Trinidad, victim of enemy action.

That was my last of yachts and yachting in a big way. I thoroughly agreed with the writer, Mary Roberts Rine-



At left: 1916—Sir John Eaton and his three sons. The boys wear the uniform of the Eaton Machine Gun Battery.

Below: The family group, a few months before Sir John's death. The children, from left: Timothy, Edgar, Gilbert, Florence Mary, John David.



CHAPTER VIII

WHEN WAR broke out in the summer of 1914 it came home to us very quickly. We were at our place in Muskoka and had Dr. Alfred Hayward, Superintendent of the Toronto General Hospital, staying with us. A few miles away at *Ravenscrag*, Mrs. Timothy Eaton's summer home, Mr. George Nasmith was a guest. To both of these friends on a pleasant Sunday afternoon came telephoned orders from Hon. Sam Hughes, Minister of Militia, to report to Ottawa at once. "But," George Nasmith inquired in his reasonable way, "how do I get there?" The reply came hot over the phone, "How the hell do I know? Just get here quick."

Jack got busy on the telephone at once, locating the head of the Company passenger transport in Toronto, finding out all the necessary information, and he arranged the trip for the two gentlemen so that they could report in Ottawa on Monday morning.

Jack and I were soon on the move too, back to *Ardwold*, for he felt he must be in his office to stay in close touch with developments. His first act was to call a meeting of the Directors, and within a very short time after the declaration of war it was decided, and the announcement made, that any married man in the employ of Eaton's who volunteered for service would receive full pay for the duration, and any single man would receive half-pay.

Another important decision was that in any war contracts received by the Eaton firm, all profits made would be returned to the Government. The Company did handle various large war orders, for such equipment as clothing



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